

THE YETI

OCTOBER 2006

FOUR

Girls who don't masturbate are stupid.

Rather than blabber on and on about all of the reasons why this is true, and then have to spend the next week responding to all of your boring emails, I decided to just skip straight to the part where I answer all of your stupid questions.

What follows is a female masturbation FAQ, where I address what I feel are probably going to be common questions among my readers. I hope this helps us to nip any possible controversy in the bud. Enjoy:

"Mr. Yeti, what if I don't feel like masturbating?"

Then there's something wrong with you. Go to therapy. Next.

"Mr. Yeti I tried masturbating and it didn't work."

When you were learning to walk, could you do THAT on the first try? Are you a quitter? Good masturbation takes practice, make a few evenings of it. Next.

"Mr. Yeti, I don't need to masturbate because I have a boyfriend and we have sex all the time!"

So you only get turned on when your boyfriend tells you to? Do you only eat when he tells you to, also? Actually, do you even eat at all?

"What? Of course I eat!"

You're anorexic.

"No I'm—"

You're anorexic. Go to therapy. Next.

"Mr. Yeti, my vagina is gross."

That's because it's a pulsating mucous-oozing hole covered in hair. Get used to it, god knows I have. Lie down with your legs spread, bust out a hand mirror, and stare at your vagina until you love it.

"Ew, no."

You're retarded and you hate yourself. Next.

"Mr. Yeti, masturbation is against my religious beliefs."

It's worth going to hell for. Next.

"Mr. Yeti, I keep trying and trying but I just can't orgasm!"

Do you REALLY keep trying and trying?

"Yes!"

Really?

"Yes!"

Okay, fine, buy a vibrator, but make sure you work back to just using your hand. If you only use vibrators you won't be able to show your partner how to make you orgasm by hand or mouth. Don't rely on battery power. Next.

"Mr. Yeti, I want to masturbate but I just can't figure out how!"

Rub your clitoris and play with your vagina.

"Rub my what?"

The pink, hooded gargoyle perched atop your vagina. Next.

"Mr. Yeti, I do masturbate, but I like to do it lying face down. Is that weird?"

Yes. Next.

"Mr. Yeti, if I masturbate too much, will it stop feeling good?"

Will making girls cry ever stop feeling good for me?

"What?"

No. Masturbate as much as you want. Next.

"Mr Yeti, I always orgasm when I masturbate, but never when my girlfriend goes down on me."

Don't you mean your BOYfriend?

"No. Girlfriend."

I don't follow.

"Um, I'm a lesbian."

You're a what?

"A lesbian. I'm gay."

I'm sorry, do you see a GLBT Safe-Zone sign on my newsletter?

"Excuse me?"

Just kidding. You need to just lie back and try to relax, and don't think of orgasm as your only goal. Talk about it with your girlfriend and let her reassure you that there's no pressure to perform. Focus on enjoying it. So, is she pretty hot?

"What?"

Does your girlfriend have a nice body? I bet she does.

"Um, yeah, I guess so. Why?"

I dunno, I was just wondering. Next.

"Mr. Yeti, my boyfriend won't go down on me. He says it's gross."

Try drizzling some chocolate syrup onto your vulva, to cut the taste.

"Seriously?"

No, just dump him. Next.

"Mr. Yeti, will you go out with me?"

Do you masturbate?

"All the time."

Do you have big boobs?

"Not really."

Whatever. Do you have any eating disorders?

"No."

Have you ever tried to kill yourself?

"No."

Do you smoke cigarettes?

"No."

Are you religious?

"No."

I don't mean to sound like a loser, but is this some sort of trick?

"Um, no."

Then yes, I will go out with you. Next.

"Hello, Mr. Yeti, I'm a concerned father of a freshman girl. When I sent her all the way up to Boulder from down here in Colorado Springs, I never thought that some low-life, degenerate, hook-

nosed Jew-boy from Massachusetts would take it upon himself to pressure my beloved daughter to masturbate! What makes you think you have any right to do that?"

You're not a happy man, are you, sir?

"Now you wait just a—"

ARE you?

"Well, I guess I haven't really thought about it in a while."

It's okay to cry.

"I think I love you."

Go home to your wife.

"But she's so cold."

Well, that's all the time we have to for today's show, folks. Thank you all for tuning in, and remember: be safe, have fun, and don't get drunk and have sex with people you don't care about because it makes you feel empty inside, even if you pretend it doesn't.

THREE IMPORTANT THINGS TO THINK ABOUT:

1. So I walk into the Women's Resource Center the other day with a fifty dollar bill, looking for a little in-and-out, but all they have there are some pamphlets about breast cancer and a jar of hard candy! How the hell do they expect to make any money?

2. Girls don't poop.

3. My dad wants me to put some sort of warning label on this, so that people will know to look for sarcasm. Where's the fun in that? That would be like labeling the razorblade brownies I'm handing out on Halloween.

QUESTIONS OR COMMENTS?

EMAIL ME: YETIPAPER@HOTMAIL.COM

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT: I made a rap album. I'm distributing 500 copies of it on November 13th, in the UMC, from 10-12. This is actually happening. This is not a drill.

